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INGERSOLL ON ORTHODOXY.

A REPLY

BY

REV. EDWARD BRYAN.

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REV. EDWARD BRYAN.

"WITHOUT GOD WE ARE LONELY THROUGHOUT ETERNITY; BUT IF WE HAVE
GOD WE ARE MORE WARMLY, MORE INTIMATELY, MORE STEADFASTLY
UNITED THAN BY FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

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THIS REPLY was originally given by the author on the two successive Sunday evenings of June 22d and 29th, 1884, in the First Presbyterian Church of this city, of which he is pastor. The interest which it aroused being unsatisfied with the necessarily incomplete reports which appeared in the columns of the *Daily Era*, it is now given to the public in its present form without abridgment.

THE PUBLISHERS.

BRADFORD, Pa., SEPTEMBER 10, 1884.

INGERSOLL ON ORTHODOXY.

I propose to reply, this evening, to a lecture on "Orthodoxy" recently delivered in this city by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, and to which I performed the duty, for such I considered it (and in common with many others who were present I can not say I had the pleasure), of listening. Some object to Mr. Ingersoll on account of his blasphemy, others because they think he is not really sincere in what he says; but I wish the weight of what I say to-night to lie in the direction of an impeachment of Mr. Ingersoll's lecture as a defective intellectual production. I do not relish controversy, and do not seek it; but I simply can not live in this community, preaching the truths of the Bible, and not reply and protest when those truths are defamed.

Thomas Carlyle has said: "That, with superstition, religion is also passing away, seems to us an entirely ungrounded fear. Religion can not pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there and will reappear. On the whole, we must repeat the oft repeated saying that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aversion, or with any other feeling than regret and hope and brotherly commiseration."

In this spirit I desire to regard Mr. Ingersoll, and I hope that nothing I may say will be interpreted as an unkind or resentful or vindictive utterance, for I concede that an honest infidel—and I do not deny that there are such—is likely to have just as sensitive feeling as you or I. But I ask you to remember that this is a

reply, not an attack; the contest is not begun by me. As a recognized religious teacher I stand to-night on the defensive. If, then, I see fit to employ the weapon of satire or sharp rebuke, let it be understood that these are used as necessary adjuncts of the argument submitted, not as vindictive in intention. If anything further were needed, I should say that I had fairly earned the right to their use by sitting under Mr. Ingersoll's preaching for two mortal hours, the object, as a clergyman, of his multiplied slurs and his uncurbed ridicule.

CACODOXY.

Mr. Ingersoll's subject is "Orthodoxy." For clearness, discriminate between orthodoxy, heterodoxy and cacodoxy. Orthodoxy is, first, "right doctrine;" then, that which is agreed upon by some standard authority to be right doctrine. Heterodoxy is "different doctrine"—that which varies from this standard. Cacodoxy is "bad doctrine." The issue in this controversy is not between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, but between orthodoxy and heterodoxy on the one hand, and cacodoxy on the other. Do not confuse infidelity with heterodoxy; it is cacodoxy, bad doctrine, always and everywhere. If Mr. Ingersoll is right, then not only is orthodoxy, technically speaking, wrong, but Christian and Jew, Protestant and Catholic, Unitarian and Universalist, and Evangelical Christian—all are wrong, mistaken, and, for the most part, fools.

This defines the issue, and shows us where the man stands whom we are to consider. For other purposes we need not confine ourselves to any careful restriction of the term "Orthodoxy," since it is evident that what Mr. Ingersoll is aiming his attacks against is Christianity. It is this that he announces his purpose to do what he can while he lives to destroy. When a man devotes himself to a chosen mission, with that his very name becomes afterwards associated. Speak the name of Wendell Phillips and you think at once of shackles falling from human limbs and slaves set free; pronounce the name of John B. Gough, and there lies before you the demon Rum, dethroned, and the glass of cold water sparkling in true

beauty and honor; utter the name of Robert G. Ingersoll, and you have before you a man whose talents might enable him to accomplish vast good, hissing the hot venom of his impotent hate at the grandest system of faith the world ever saw.

IS ORTHODOXY DYING?

Mr. Ingersoll takes great pleasure in opening his lecture with the announcement that "Orthodox religion is dying out of the civilized world." The statement is so old that it is stale, and so utterly at variance with palpable facts that it is positively absurd. Celsus, Porphyry and Julian successively made this claim. Under the reign of Domitian, at the opening of the fourth century, and after the last of the fierce ten persecutions, the extirpation of Christianity was commemorated by a coin which was struck, upon which was stamped the figure of Jupiter hurling a thunderbolt at a prostrate form representing Christianity.

Voltaire said: "I am weary of hearing them repeat that twelve men were enough to establish Christianity, and I long to prove to them that it needs but one to destroy it."

Thomas Paine said: "I have gone through the Bible as a man would go through a wood with an axe on his shoulder and fell trees; here they lie, and the priests, if they can, may replant them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never grow."

James Parton, in his life of Aaron Burr, speaking of the infidelity which prevailed in the early years of this century, says: "It was confidently predicted that Christianity could not survive two more generations."

Mr. Ingersoll, however, is more modest than his predecessors; he is so good as to declare that the patient is dying of decrepitude—softening of the brain and ossification of the heart. But notwithstanding his diagnosis affirms that Christianity is in a moribund condition, he is none the less assiduous in administering the poison of his infidelity. And no wonder, for if Christianity has been "dying"

for eighteen centuries there is great need that those who wish to help along its death shall do their utmost.

In proof of the absurdity of this statement that Christianity is passing away, I might deluge you with statistics, with stubborn facts that reassure the faith of the desponding Christian, and perplex and annoy the infidel whose wish fathers the thought of the extinction of Christianity. These facts are accessible, however, and I spare you their repetition. In their stead, here are three reasons which lead me to believe that Christianity is not dying, and will not die:

First of all, Mr. Ingersoll is lecturing against the Christian faith; this augurs well for its continued acceptance. To some extent, I am sorry to say, he succeeds in disseminating infidelity; but to a much larger degree his attacks awaken sympathy for, and deeper belief in the Bible. Pouring shot into a solid fortification only serves to strengthen it. Christianity needs ever new adjustments and adaptations in view of the advancing thought of the age, but not on account of its advancing scum and froth and drivel. And while these roaming lecturers are traveling about delivering their virulent phillipics, the preachers go on preaching, and the men hold to a sturdy faith, and the women pray, and the children sing; and it vexes to distraction the disciples of unbelief. For you must remember that an honest infidel is always trying to convince himself of the correctness of his theory of things; and how to account for this persistence of faith on the ground of the tenacious hold and inherent vitality of superstition, this is a wearisome problem.

In the next place, whatever success infidelity meets with is always temporary. Doubt is most likely to attack young men; but they get over it just as children recover from the measles. Rob the human soul of faith, that glorious robe that shields it in life's withering heat, and protects it in its chilling cold, and like an injured child it will clothe itself again in the new forms of an undying belief. It is to be regretted that so often the human mind, dismayed at the engulfing storms of unbelief which threaten it, should drop back into the unchanged harbor of traditional belief; better

that it should return from its daring, but necessary voyages of speculation, laden with new and richer truth, yet seeking anchorage on the shore-line of old and familiar verities. But the fact remains that men return from doubt to faith, and they are led to do this by the workings of one of the deepest laws of their being. Mr. Ingersoll whispers to half of his audience that Protestantism dies hard, then to the other half that Catholicism dies hard, and then to all that infidelity is not dying, but it is growing and increasing every day. And now let me say out loud, for it does not need to be concealed in a whisper, that infidelity dies hard, very hard; therefore it protrudes its ugly head under the blazing light of this nineteenth century and piteously begs for one more chance. The eighteenth century generously gave it its golden opportunity for establishing itself respectably in the world, with the drift of social and political influences all in its favor. But it ignominiously fell—among the learned, crushed under the trip-hammer of Butler's Analogy, among the masses swept into inglorious retreat before the mighty march of Methodism. All the writings of the English Deistical writers of the last century have been consigned to the limbo of oblivion, save those of Hume and Gibbon, the historians, and, historically, the grudge that every infidel holds against a Methodist preacher is easily understood. I doubt if the nineteenth century could give infidelity a chance equal to that which the last century afforded it, but I am very sure that it has neither the wish nor the intention so to do. In sluggish ages, as a pastime the world may good-naturedly consent to witness the attempted tearing down of its institutions, to see whether the foundations are there; but in such a throbbing, driving, practical era as the present, the extreme iconoclasts are doomed to get the cold shoulder.

The third fact that indicates the permanence of Christianity is that orthodoxy is progressive. Nothing disconcerts the infidel so much as this undeniable fact. His favorite occupation is to set up a fossilized, mediæval orthodoxy, then to bedaub himself with his infidel war-paint, and dance about in fancied triumph. In the pages of

infidel writers, and those of defunct theologians, alike, you will look in vain for the orthodoxy of to-day. A short time ago at Princeton they discussed "Progress in Theology." The discussion was originated and conducted altogether by conservative thinkers; not one of them bore the slightest taint of heresy, and the drift of opinion was altogether in favor of progress. But one of "the Lord's silly people" was there, as everywhere, and he in his timorous faith became alarmed and shouted "Wolf!" Then he asserted that "Princeton theology hadn't had a new idea for a century." And afar off in the infidel camp they set up a shout of glee. The foolish follower within the camp joins hands with the hostile foe without, to keep up the warfare over by-gone issues, in fortifications long since relinquished.

The progressiveness of the orthodoxy of the present, as compared with the orthodoxy of the past, is seen in its theology, which is of a Biblical type, not metaphysical, as heretofore; in its Bible, where the recognition of the divine and human elements has superseded the old mechanical view of inspiration; in its personal and historical Christ, no longer hidden in sepulchral dogmatism; in its widely-tolerant church, freeing itself from the distracting and crippling influence of sectarianism; and in its spiritual heaven and hell, relieved forever of gross material conceptions. I do not hope to convince Mr. Ingersoll that orthodoxy is progressive, because I can not remove the scales which interest and prejudice have placed over his eyes; but in the further progress of the conflict between faith and disbelief, this will become apparent in the greater readiness with which Christianity may be defended, the fewer reasons that can be urged for rejecting it, and the speedier overthrow of temporary skepticism.

MUST THE PREACHER GO?

Here notice Mr. Ingersoll's dictum that the preacher must go. He starts his procession in motion to show that this is inevitable. The astrologer gives way to the astronomer, the alchemist to the

chemist, the prophet to the philosopher, the stage-coach to the locomotive; therefore, the preacher must go and the teacher take his place, *quod erat demonstrandum*. But now, before the preacher packs up to leave—since we are assured that everything shall be done fairly—let us ask, what has become of the doctor? He had him up before us with his rusty lancet and his bottle of jalap, and he made him the butt of his ridicule, but he failed to say whether he had also joined the grand cavalcade. Then he let off his own profession of the law without telling us whether they are affected at all by this enforced tramp. The omission was quite lawyer-like, it must be admitted. Permit me to supply the missing links in Mr. Ingersoll's logic, that is to say, in this particular instance; I should not care to undertake the heavy contract of doing this service for the rest of this lengthy lecture. What has become of the doctor?—this is the question. Well, here he is, large as life, and an indispensable part of our civilization. Does he use the lancet? Yes, with that he relieves pleurisy, and with that as an only resort, in certain cases of apoplexy, he saves life. Does he administer that old remedy—jalap? Yes, in certain stages of dropsy nothing will answer as well. But because, for the most part, jalap has given way to aloes and colocynth, while bleeding has been superseded by purging and sedatives, we do not dream of leaping to the lame and impotent conclusion that the doctor must go.

So with the lawyer; much of his lore is now popularized; it is laid down in text-books; but we do not think that the services of the teacher will displace those of the lawyer. And now let me say, that the same logic which dismisses the preacher and substitutes the teacher, dispenses, also, with the doctor, sending everybody to swallow down such nostrums and decoctions as may be supplied by the druggist, and waves away the professional lawyer, leaving everybody at the mercy of those pettifoggers and shysters who will swarm in to take the vacant place. The modern pulpit finds a sphere of action and influence greatly different from that which was filled by the preacher of the olden time; but in this it comes under, simply,

that general tendency which prevails now, to divide up and specialize the work of the world. And much as the Freethinkers may dislike it, we must conclude that the world is not ready as yet to dispense with the preaching of the Gospel.

As to his ignorant demand that the pulpit shall speak out just what it thinks and all that it thinks, it is of one piece with the whole of Mr. Ingersoll's performance. He is himself a sample of a man who speaks just what he thinks. I do not deny his honesty; he is probably much more honest than most men can be after they have struck a fatal blow at the foundations of all honesty and virtue, viz.: a belief in God; but what I object to is his brain, with its defective working, and his ideas which are utterly ill-digested. He goes about the country speaking just what he thinks, and he blabs out doubts which other men have sense enough to keep to themselves. Doubt is serviceable when it helps along to a better faith; not when it lacerates the soul with tormenting uncertainty as to the fundamentals of belief. I would have the pulpit absolutely free for the utterance of truth that ought to be spoken, but for my part I am glad that the preachers have too much sense to tell everything they may chance to think. That will do for a gang of ruffians round a fire in Texas, or for a bold and reckless infidel lecturer, but not for those who are to feed the world's faith, and help men forward to a better life.

UNPROVED VERITIES.

Here notice another of Mr. Ingersoll's brilliant dictums, that "Everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die." If we reject everything but that which has been positively proved, where will it land us? Mr. Ingersoll undoubtedly accepts the atomic theory of matter; did he or any one else ever see one of these molecules of which matter is composed? Never. The smallest grain of sand upon the sea-shore, or the most minute particle that floats in a sunbeam, is a mountain to the infinitesimal atom which enters into the organic structure of

matter and explains its phenomena. There is the hypothetical medium called ether, which is assumed to pervade all space, whether occupied by solid, liquid, or gaseous substances, and by its vibrations or undulations transmitting light and heat. No one ever pretended to see it, and no one can prove its existence, yet we believe in it, nevertheless. When sound vibrations are more rapid than thirty-eight thousand strokes per second they become inaudible to most human ears; but they tell us that insects are capable of apprehending still more rapid vibrations, and they become to them a means of inter-communication. We believe that, but it is not proved. From the automatic movements of plants, as seen in the case of the wonderful Venus' Fly-Trap, and where tendrils reach out, and sweep around, and select a support, it is argued that vegetables have what looks like consciousness, viz.: the power of making movements with reference to ends. This seems incredible, yet we accept it. Mr. Ingersoll believes in the doctrine of evolution (or, as it is more properly called, epigenesis); so do I, only his view of evolution, materialistic and atheistic, is the distance of the heavens apart from my view, which is theistic and Christian. But now let it be understood that the doctrine of evolution is a doctrine, not proved, but as a working hypothesis rapidly gaining acceptance. Shall we believe a theory, unproved and unprovable? Yes, by all means, for the evidence is so overwhelming that it impels us to believe. But if Mr. Ingersoll's dictum were to be accepted, that nothing is to be received until proven, then all our science would be at a stand-still. Literature, too, and history would be paralyzed, and in practical life you couldn't trust a single bank to handle your money, or sell goods on credit, or make any of those numerous ventures in which you reckon on an uncertain future. This is one of the idlest and emptiest of the dogmas of infidelity, that things not proven are unworthy of credence. What we know by belief forms as necessary and as legitimate a part of our knowledge as that which we know by demonstration.

One thing further before we proceed. Let it be understood that I do not defend a bigoted, or perverted, or corrupt Christianity. Occasionally Mr. Ingersoll administers a fair and square blow upon some vulnerable forms in which the Christian system is held; though, for the most part, he is doing just what Carlyle said Voltaire was doing—"swinging his battering-rams in the wrong direction." When, however, I see him attacking that which is really false or wrong, I feel like saluting him with the challenge, "Lay on, Macduff," with no abatement from the further emphasis of that familiar quotation. Still, his narrow-mindedness and bigotry impair his usefulness, even here, so that the only good he can accomplish is in the way of such secondary benefit as accompanies a pestilential scourge.

MOHAMMEDANISM.

Now, let us examine some of the arguments which Mr. Ingersoll draws from history. I will warn you at the outset, however, that he blunders just as atrociously when he dabbles in history as when he dabbles in theology. Prescott, the historian, threw aside the work of Strauss on the Life of Christ after reading a few pages, because its method was so unfair that it was offensive to the mind of a trained historical writer. Mr. Ingersoll travels along a plane of thought far inferior to that which Strauss was capable of pursuing, but he has all that able writer's partial and equivocal methods. Ingersoll's book of history is bound in flexible binding and silk-sewed, so that he can turn and twist it at the bent of his own sweet will.

He enumerates some of the blows the Church received. He finds it convenient to say nothing about the first series of shocks she suffered in the famous and horrible ten persecutions, beginning with Nero, and continuing on, at intervals, under the different emperors, until the time of Constantine. This shows up an ugly side of that Paganism which he is fond of exalting at the expense of Christianity, and the sterling worth and evident truth of the faith which

survived in that fearful ordeal when "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church." This blow is wisely passed over in silence.

Mohammedanism, he says, came in conflict with Christianity, the crescent was triumphant over the cross, God did not come as expected to the rescue, and this sowed the seed of distrust. Now, do not be in haste to relinquish the belief that Divine Providence directs the issues of war. Foolishly and rashly Mr. Ingersoll says that the failure of the Crusades decided the supremacy of Mohammedanism. What about the battle of Tours when Mohammedanism was young and fresh, and the Saracen hordes, flushed with victory, overran the Pyrenees into France, and were overwhelmingly defeated by the armies of Christendom under Charles Martel. That was one of the great decisive battles of the world. Then Mohammedanism was hurled back to its accursed despotism among the ignorant and stagnant populations of the East, while Christianity went on the westward course with the star of empire, building itself firmly on the virgin soil of Gaul and Britain and Scandinavia and Germany, and thus preparing for its world-wide career. The failure of the Crusades was a blow to chivalry, to the papal authority envious of the rival power of the feudal nobility—but not to Christianity; and in the end they proved an inestimable blessing to the world in breaking up the feudal system, compacting the populations of Europe for the moulding influence of modern civilization, and paving the way for the establishment of commerce and popular liberty. On the whole, I rather think that God had hold of the helm all through this period.

ART.

The next slander perpetrated by Mr. Ingersoll is, that Christianity laid its ignorant hands upon the paintings and statues and other works of art of the Old World, and destroyed them, and that this brought on the night of the Middle Ages. And when he lays his ignorant hands upon the records of history, and deliberately falsifies

them after this fashion, I marvel that even over the brazen face of an infidel there does not visibly creep the crimson blush of shame. The decay, dissolution and death of the rotten and effete civilizations of the Old World, this and this alone occasioned the Dark Ages. In the putrid soil of paganism the pure germ of Christianity was planted. Because divinely originated and protected, it grew through three centuries of destructive persecution. Stifled under the noxious atmosphere and corrupting splendors of lingering heathenism, its fresh young life was well nigh destroyed; yet, surviving, it sprang from the dormant centuries, the most potent factor in our modern civilization. Christianity hostile to, or destructive of art? Absurdity most superlative. The greatest blow to the stored-up learning of the ancient world was the destruction of the Alexandrian library; this was done by Julius Cæsar just before the coming of Christ. The next greatest blow was the destruction of Rome by Nero; Ingersoll clasps hands with this bloodiest monster of all time, and says: "Yes, the Christians did it." When the despised religion of Christ was establishing itself in the world, they were decapitating the statues of the days of Phidias, to crown them with the heads of the emperors Gaius and Claudius. Nero himself sought to improve the Alexander of Lysimachus by gilding it. What about the Catacombs, covered with rubbish and forgotten all through the Middle Ages, yet bringing to the light the records of early Christian art, just as the excavations at Pompeii reveal to us the extinct civilization of Rome? Christianity plucked up by the roots the fearfully depraved and immoral taint with which pagan art was infected, but in lieu thereof it furnished pure and noble themes in the portrayal of which the genius of the great masters flashed into life. And when I think of the immortal productions which Christianity nursed into being—the Madonnas, the Ecce Homos, the Mater Dolorosas, Leonardo's "The Last Supper," Raphael's "The Transfiguration," and Michael Angelo's "The Last Judgment"—I feel all the more vividly how utterly senseless and wicked is this charge that Christianity is inimical to art.

CIVILIZATION.

Here let me say a word concerning the relation of the Bible to civilization. Mr. Ingersoll thinks that we mistake the incident for the cause. I am glad to see that he is able to concede (for I suppose he does not do this unwittingly) the incidental value of the Bible in helping forward the work of the civilization of mankind. Now, nobody supposes that God had forgotten or was ignoring the Roman people, or any other of the nations of antiquity. They all along had the law written on their hearts, and were, therefore, a law unto themselves. They were all working away on these problems of life, all contributed something of permanent good and all made salutary failures. And looking back over the arena of history—"A mighty maze, yet not without a plan"—we see how Greece excelled in developing philosophy and culture, and Rome in perfecting the science of government and law, but both produced a polytheistic religion, corroded by superstition, and therefore a civilization that fell into early and utter decay. The Jews alone successfully worked out the problem of religion, but they failed in adapting it to all mankind. Then Christianity was given to the world, and supplied the element of moral order, through which the materials of the old civilizations, under the potent influence of modern science—"the handmaid of religion"—were to be moulded into the stable civilization of the present day. When we say that the Bible is the foundation of popular liberty, and the bulwark of defense in maintaining the rights of man, we make no narrow, empty claim. It is a deep conviction, resulting from ages of experience, and confirmed by every respectable and unbiased historian.

Here let us dismiss, with few words, the unreasonable cavil that Christianity has been the cause of war. What is this but confounding the incident with the cause. That violence and bloodshed have been incidental accompaniments of the religion of Christ we must

mournfully confess. As Lacon tersely says, "Men will wrangle over religion, fight for it, die for it, anything but live it." But that is only saying that that same bad human nature which kept the gates of the temple of Janus open, except during four brief periods, still lingers in men's hearts. Human government, the family, love, upon which Mr. Ingersoll is forever bestowing his fulsome and unheeded eulogiums—all these, men have made a constant bone of contention, yet we do not advocate their abolishment on that account. In cases where religious hatred or bigotry has disgraced Christianity with "wars and fightings," the proper appeal has ever been from a perverted to a true and pure Christianity—never to a wrangling infidelity.

THE SCIENCE OF THE PAST.

Turn now, to look at some of Mr. Ingersoll's disquisitions on science. And here, again, I warn you of his utter unreasonableness, notwithstanding the fact that he struts about in the familiar accoutrements of the veritable sciolist that he is. The discovery of America, and the establishment of the Copernican system, according to him, was the next thing that tended to upset Christianity. A few facts just here ought to be clearly understood. The ideas of the ancients concerning the universe are preserved for us in the works of Ptolemy, the Egyptian astronomer, who flourished in the second century of our era at Alexandria. According to his system the earth is at the center, the planets and the sun revolve around it, then come the fabled crystalline spheres, and outside of all the empyrean, or abode of the blessed. The change from the geocentric to the heliocentric theory of the universe was a mighty revolution in the notions of mankind, accomplished through the painful and protracted thought of centuries, and which staggered and perplexed science, philosophy and civilization, as well as religion. Who first thought of the sun as the center of the universe? Pythagoras, five hundred years, mark you, before Christ. Who developed

this idea? Among others, Niccolò da Cusa, Domenico Maria Novara, Celio Calcagnini and Copernicus. But the existence of the antipodes was argued in a sermon two hundred years before Copernicus came to years of manhood, by the preacher Giordano da Rivalta. Science was resisting the progress of discovery. Hallam says that the whole weight of Aristotle's name was thrown into the scale against Copernicus. And Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Danish astronomer, who was born three years after Copernicus died, rejected the Copernican system, conceding only that the planets revolved around the sun, while in his scheme the sun and moon are still revolving round the earth. Through the researches of Galileo, Kepler, and, finally, Sir Isaac Newton, the Copernican system was at last established, and everything revolved round the sun, until our later science, when we begin to believe that there is still another centre round which the sun revolves. Now the point of all this is easily stated. The persecutions which this progress of scientific discovery aroused are indefensible from the vantage-ground of our present enlightenment, but especially from that of our better understanding of the principles of the Bible; but as things then were, it is hard to see how this deplorable policy could have been avoided. Society has an inherent right to oppose innovations, in order to test what is true and sift out what is false. This right was exceeded by an ignorant political despotism which had arrayed itself in forms of Christianity, and there the blame rests, not with the religion of Christ itself. Galileo unfortunately and unwisely turned aside from the pursuit of science to attack the particular interpretation of the Scriptures then advocated by the Church, and his persecution was an atrocious wrong. But as showing that wiser counsels strove to assert themselves, there is the noble and memorable answer of Cardinal Baronius to Galileo: "The Bible was given to teach us how to go to Heaven, not how the heavens go." That is precisely the position of the orthodoxy of to-day, which must not be held responsible for the errors of the past.

THE SCIENCE OF TO-DAY.

This rapid survey of the change which science has wrought in the past will prepare us for a sober estimate of the change which it is more readily effecting in our own day. Just as great a revolution from the idea of a geocentric to that of a heliocentric, cosmogony, is the revolution now in progress, from the conception of the production of matter and life by creative fiat, to that of their origination through the agency of a law of development. If through that first revolution, as we maintain, Christianity and the Bible passed unharmed, so we may naturally expect will it be in the change now going on, in spite of the foolish fears of timid believers, and the premature fireworks of an ignorant infidelity.

I will not waste any time over the school-boy braggadocios and the rhetorical pyrotechnics with which Mr. Ingersoll apostrophizes the name of Charles Darwin. The man whose remains have been given honored sepulture in Westminster Abbey, is held in affectionate esteem throughout Christendom; and Mr. Ingersoll's laudations add no more to his greatness than the noisy buzzing of a bumble-bee. But why does Ingersoll say nothing of Lamarck, the French scientist, who propounded the law of evolution in 1809, fifty years before Darwin? Why nothing of the "Vestiges of Creation," written by Dr. Robert Chambers fifteen years before Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, and anticipating the whole of the development theory? Why nothing of Alfred R. Wallace, who separately from and simultaneously with Darwin, propounded his famous theory? Why also does he omit to say that there is just as much dispute and divergence among scientific men as to the form and details of this doctrine of evolution, as there is among theologians concerning the doctrine of the Atonement? He says religion and science are enemies; but the best thinkers to-day confidently assert that there is no real enmity between the two. He says that evolution is inconsistent with Christianity; but Prof. Asa Gray and

Prof. LeConte and Principal Dawson are of a contrary opinion. As to the past and present effects of science, our lecturer resorts to a discreditable makeshift. Science, he says, passed its hand above the earth and beneath it, and where was the old heaven and hell? Vanished forever. And so they were—that is, the pagan heaven and hell. The one was just above Mount Olympus, and entered by the gate of clouds; the other, was down a cave in the volcanic regions of Vesuvius; these were wiped out, sure enough. But he says, we found there was no place there for Jacob's ladder to lean against. How much room was needed for a ladder which was erected in a dream? "No place for the gods and angels"—no, not for the gods of Olympus, or their angels. "No place to hold the waters of the deluge"—but I rather think the ocean held a good part of this supply, for we are told that the fountains of the great deep were broken up. "No place to which Christ could have ascended"—but if the ascension meant simply the completion of the process of resurrection, and the passing of the physical body of Christ into the glorified body of eternity, what space or place would be needed in a condition and world where distinctions of space no longer exist? "No place for the towers and domes of the new Jerusalem"—but how much space is required for towers and domes which exist in the meaning, and for the purposes of a metaphor? The grand defeat of Christianity pictured by Mr. Ingersoll ingloriously fails to materialize. The Freethinkers, by persistently defying the armies of Israel, succeeded in calling forth a self-appointed champion of Christianity, who defended the Bible at their convention held last summer at Rochester. He insisted on wearing the heavy armor of the mediæval theology, and staked the truth of Scripture upon the falsity of the doctrine of evolution. This filled the infidels with glee. They set up their stridulous war-whoop and proceeded to take this clergyman's scalp. But they carefully kept out of sight the fact that the defense then made was repudiated by the best thought of Christendom. Paganism was shattered by the science of the past, Christianity sprung into new life; mediævalism

falls before the science of to-day, but Christianity is perpetuated and marches forward in civilizing and saving mankind. Mr. Ingersoll sheds his crocodile tears of pity over the poor ministers, who he says are twisting the Scriptures to fit the demonstrations of science. But if he will postpone his sniffing a little he may discover that the ministers have more sense than he gives them credit for. They understand that it is just as legitimate for theology to change its interpretations of the Bible, as it is for the scientists to change their interpretations of nature. And they also understand that the Bible does not teach science, and does not profess to. Science blundered badly over "Bathybius," and she is now just as visionary in groping after "the missing link" and the origin of life, as the old alchemists were in hunting for the principle of transmutation. The most thoughtful scientists say to the theologians, "There is no real conflict between us, but we would advise you to drive a little slow, because we confess that in many directions we are considerably at sea ourselves."

CHANGING CREEDS.

We now come to Mr. Ingersoll's discussion of creeds, in general, and the new Congregational creed in particular. In this line of thought his ignorance is most dense; but in he plunges with the utmost *sang-froid*, and with all the assurance of a trained theologian. First he criticises the retaining of creeds which are not believed in their entirety. "Stick to your creed or change it"—this is his challenge. How does this apply in the domain of medicine, where it is conceded that there is much more conservatism, and I may say, bigotry, than in theology? Must the physician renounce his allegiance to the old school, simply because he is learning something from new practitioners? Must he upset his whole system of medical doctrine, because he is beginning to discard some of its tenets? Bear in mind that the conservative instinct which leads men to resist hasty advance, to weigh and test new discoveries, and to change slowly established doctrines, is one of the invaluable and

indispensable safeguards of human society. How does this challenge bear upon Mr. Ingersoll's own profession of the law. In New York state a movement has been in progress for some time to codify the laws, that is to gather together the scattered principles of law, select, eliminate and condense them into a code, by which the administration of justice may be facilitated and simplified and rendered more effective. Yet, against that movement a large proportion of the legal fraternity stand arrayed; and it is not simply professional interest, but legitimate conservatism, that is the explanation of this. So with theological creeds; they represent the actual faith of the past, but the substantial faith of the present. The Westminster Confession forbids the marriage of a deceased wife's sister, identifies the Pope with the Man of Sin, compresses the work of creation into the space of six literal days; these positions are widely and prevailingly rejected in the Presbyterian Church, yet the creed stands. That creed is subject to and actually undergoing revision in sermons preached from our pulpits, theological lectures delivered in our seminaries, and discussions held from time to time in our ecclesiastical assemblies; yet these changes can be incorporated in creed expression only after the proper lapse of time. Nothing is truer concerning this whole question of the changing of creeds, than what was said by Dr. Herrick of Boston, in his sermon before the Congregational Council which authorized the framing of this very creed that Mr. Ingersoll so unintelligently discusses: "Creeds are not to be manufactured. They grow as the worlds are grown, by great secular development. They change their forms imperceptibly to the eye of the contemporary beholder. They emanate from the closets, from the pages of tear-stained Bibles, from the chambers of solitary suffering, from the midnight Bethels, where uncrowned princes prevail with the Angel of the Covenant. They come from those serene and silent heights where long-trained and long-watching eyes have at last beheld the nebulous hint revealing itself in stellar distinctness and beauty. Not infrequently they are precipitated in the fires of persecution. No true creed was ever made."

“Stick to your creed or change it;” this is Mr. Ingersoll’s shallow demand. It loses needed force when we remember that he cares not a fig whether creeds exist, even. To that, I submit the counter-challenge, that when he takes up a specified creed for discussion he shall stick to that and *not* change it. In discussing this creed’s representation of God, he quotes, that he may make himself merry over it, the declaration that God is “without body, parts or passions.” In his authorized report of his lecture, it is true, he says, this is from the Episcopalian creed. But in his lecture as he delivers it, he says—for I heard him—“The next thing I find in *this* creed is, that God is without body, parts or passions,” which declaration this creed does not contain. In other words, to use the plain Anglo-Saxon, Mr. Ingersoll is here guilty of a deliberate lie. But now a word concerning this statement, which he foolishly attempts to ridicule. It does occur (as he prints for his protection, but hasn’t the honor to say) in the first of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopal Church, but in its full and unabbreviated form it is found in the second chapter of the Westminster Confession—in a passage which surpasses in grandeur anything, perhaps, of the kind in any of the ancient creeds. Do you remember the origin of that definition of God? Long those devout men sought for language adequate to express their thought of God. Then it was proposed that they seek guidance in prayer. The youngest of their number being called upon, led in prayer, and poured forth such an inspired address to the Deity, that the Assembly, on rising from their knees, at once agreed that this was all-sufficient. In its condensed form, here it is: “God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth.” If we make an honest confession, let us say that the definition of God furnished by the Westminster divines, is a gem of pure splendor. But they included the statement that “God was without body, parts or passions.” How so—is Mr. Ingersoll’s imbecile objection—how is he without passions, if he so loved the world as to give his Son, and if his anger burns against sin? Imbecile, I say, in the implication that

those tireless students of the Divine Word would stupidly contradict its plainest statements. Think of the pantheistic notion, then prevalent, not yet by any means dead, that the world is part of God, sustaining to him the relation of body to soul; think of the inveterate tendency of men toward anthropomorphism, and the habit of taking literally the figurative references to the Divine attributes, as corresponding to the passions and characteristics of men; and then give the old Westminster theologians credit for sanity, at least.

CREATION.

Mr. Ingersoll cavils at the fundamental doctrine that God created the universe. Over this dispute let us waste as little space as possible. He raises the old question (and well may he call it old; the most of men think that we have got along so far in the world's history that we need not continue to vex ourselves with the problems that worried Plato and Aristotle solely because of the obscurity of the knowledge of that time)—the old question, How did God make everything out of nothing? and, again, Who made God? In one sentence I answer, that the First Great Cause of all needs not a cause himself, and is inherently equal to the production of the universe from nothing. Given a God, and the difficulties in the thought of creation from nothing, though unexplained, cease to perplex us. I will not superfluously enumerate the overwhelming proofs which have produced the predominant and ineradicable belief in the existence of God, as an almost axiomatic postulate; but I will simply say that Herschel, the eminent astronomer, said, that the universe bore to him all the marks of a "manufactured article." Mr. Ingersoll, however, thinks that it existed from all eternity. (It is not necessary to cite others who coincide with him, because he is very emphatic in reminding us that what he propounds is "according to my notion.") John Stuart Mill says, "In the present state of our knowledge the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence."

But Mr. Ingersoll asserts that an eternal universe is the greater probability. Herbert Spencer says, that "amid the mysteries, which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that we are ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." But Ingersoll suspends the existence of the Infinite God upon the slender thread of a dubious "perhaps." Pay your tribute at the shrine of a cheerless agnosticism, or of an inspiring theism, and thus take your choice. But keep in mind the frightful consequences of this doubt of the Divine existence, as depicted by Richter, who says, "In all this wide universe there is none so utterly solitary and alone as a denier of God. With orphaned heart—a heart which has lost the Great Father—he mourns beside the immeasurable corpse of Nature, a corpse no longer animated or held together by the Great Spirit of the universe—a corpse which grows in its grave; and by this corpse he mourns until he himself crumbles and falls away from it into nothingness."

Here let me beg you not to mistake Ingersoll's oft-repeated declaration, that there may be a God, but he doesn't know whether there is or not, for the innocent expression of humility as to the scope of his knowledge; for as in the case of every Agnostic, the cruel and relentless dogma lies here concealed, that the human mind is not capable of knowing God, and the direct implication is, that you are a fool if you think otherwise. By all means be on your guard against the bigotry and superstition of religion; but exercise ten times this vigilance as to the more frightful Charybdis of the bigotry and superstition of a withering unbelief.

PROVIDENCE.

As weighing against the belief in Divine Providence overruling and governing the world, Mr. Ingersoll cites Siberia with its tears and its groans, Java with its earthquakes, and the Orient generally with its pestilences and plagues. But extend the list of enumerated

evils as far as you may, and yet the difficulty and the mystery which they suggest really inheres in nature and the universe itself, and not in religion. We do not pretend to be able to satisfactorily reconcile them with the Divine goodness, but we believe they shall be seen to be not inconsistent therewith in the better light of the eternal world. Here let us confess, too, that faith often staggers; as in the case of Dr. Edward Beecher, who, when writing his "Conflict of Ages," sprang up from his desk with the agonized cry, "What if God is not good?" He had encountered one of those "Moments of terrible doubt when the soul is so borne away on the surge of the skeptical wave that rises from the depths of all human speculation, that it can only cling to the Divine by an effort of will and with something of the gamester's thought that this is the winning side." When we say that God "permits" evil we refer to its relation to the Divine plan. "If God made a man whom he knew would commit murder, then God is guilty of that murder." Shallow cavil: the man acts freely in committing the murder, and he alone is responsible for it. God's object in giving him life contemplated all the good and all the evil he would do. Suppose, for instance, that his act of murder rouses a sluggish community to enact a law that murder shall be punishable with death, does not a good purpose become manifest? But let us not do more than skirt this unfathomable subject of the relations existing between the plans of God and the acts of man.

But Mr. Ingersoll thinks that statistics have obliterated the foundations of a belief in Divine Providence. Then he parcels out some of the results of the theorizing of Buckle, who is not so much read now as formerly. Statistics give us an approximate idea of probable occurrences without any distinction as to individuals; Divine Providence alone protects us in the workings of law from any impairing of the dignity or value of the individual life. He thinks it is supreme selfishness and egotism for a man who escaped from shipwreck when all the rest were lost, to attribute that to special providence. That depends upon the use which is made of the

doctrine, which is, it is true, capable of being over-strained or mis-applied. God has a plan for all lives; that plan includes sudden termination of life for all the passengers on the vessel but one. In that abrupt taking off there may be nothing whatever of penalty, or discrimination, or undervaluing of the worthiness of the lives that have been led. I believe that it is right to return thanks to God for deliverance from death, and those who do it the most heartily will be the least likely to arrogate to themselves any invidious interference in their own behalf.

In the dead of night, on one of the battle-fields of our late war, two companion soldiers lay sleeping side by side. In temporary discomfort the one roused the other, saying, "Roll over, John." He promptly complied, his companion turning into the very place where he had been lying. Falling into a deep slumber, only the morning light awakened John, and there by his side lay the corpse of his comrade. Death had come in the swift flight of a single stray bullet, and without a groan, his spirit had returned to God who gave it. And there by the side of that dear, dead friend, the surviving soldier vowed that he would devote his life to the service of God. He is to-day one of the most prominent and honored clergymen in the city of New York. You may believe about it as you choose, but I believe that there is a divinity that shapes our ends, lovingly to win us to duty here and Heaven hereafter.

As to Mr. Ingersoll's fling at the Thanksgiving proclamations, which are issued whether we have good times or bad, I am content to let that go without further word; it is an unintended but significant tribute to the power of religion to make us at all times thankful.

So with regard to the objection he makes to loving God, on the ground that we cannot love the unknown, but we can love each other. Well, this process of acquiring the love of the unseen through the seen, is just what the Bible calls for: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

THE FALL OF MAN.

The doctrine of the Fall of Man Mr. Ingersoll denounces with great vehemence. "If you find any man who believes in the Garden of Eden story, strike here (tapping his forehead), and you will hear an echo—something is for rent." We will apply the test strictly according to directions. Here are President Porter of Yale, President McCosh of Princeton and President Seelye of Amherst; I ask them, in Mr. Ingersoll's presence: "Gentlemen, do you believe in the Garden of Eden story?" "That story to us," they answer, "is like the changed, but dearly-loved face of an old familiar friend. After all due allowance is made for shifted interpretations, the substantial truth of that story is the same as when we learned it in childhood; we believe in the Garden of Eden story." Then I do just as I was told to do by Mr. Ingersoll, strike on his own great, round, roomy skull, and sure enough, I hear an echo. Something is for rent, and to the largest audiences that will bid for its drivel at one dollar per head. How do you know but that there was a Fall upward, instead of downward as we have hitherto held?

Man, in his original state, according to the Bible account, was morally at zero. As Holland expresses it:

"God seeks for virtue; you for innocence.
You'll find it in the cradle—nowhere else
Save in your dreams, among the grown-up babes
That dwelt in Eden—powerless, pulpy souls
That showed a dimple for each touch of sin."

Ignorant of the difference between right and wrong, the Fall may have been a forward, and, in one sense, upward stride on the part of man, for it brought to him this painful knowledge of evil. And if it be asked how we can continue to speak of the Fall of Man when the meaning is reversed, I reply that to speak of the sun rising and setting is an exact parallel. This you may set aside as a mere theory, but so is much of our current scientific teaching mere theory. Let us be in no haste to discard the Bible until there is shown to be

nothing of worth there for us to think about. But Mr. Ingersoll objects to having a representative act for him. "Before I am bound by a representative," he says, "I want a chance to vote for or against him." Well, I presume he would claim that if he had had a chance to vote against his Christian parentage, he would have done it; though I very much doubt, notwithstanding his blatant infidelity, whether he would, if the chance were given him, elect to come into this world by a scoffing father and an unbelieving mother. Be that as it may, by the law of heredity, he is bound by a long line of ancestors as his representatives, and to whom, without his consent or volition, he owes his habits, tendencies, characteristics, and pretty much everything except that which is his curse, viz., his infidelity. But "sin and death entered the world," and with that he flies off at a tangent, fuming and spluttering and raving about the horrible idea of God inventing, revengefully, fevers and pains and earthquakes and pangs, when all that the creed intimates here is that these entered the world as a consequence of sin, following in the inevitable track of a law, not hurled angrily down by one of the gods of the effete theology of Olympus.

As to the great doctrine of the Atonement, he contents himself with the bald assertion that it is absurd. And therefore I will content myself with the counter-statement that, aside from all theories of Atonement, the fact of Atonement through the infinite mercy of God in Christ, is corroborated by abundant analogy in life, yearned for by the heart of man, and demanded in view of a world lying in sin.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

The doctrine of Total Depravity, he thinks, is a libel upon the human race. His tender, compassionate heart regards it as a sort of insult to the dimpled babies in the cradle, that sometimes distort those dimples by furious outbursts of passion which cause the mother

to ponder the deep problem how and where sin originates. Rest easy: this doctrine utters no libel; it has no need for so doing. It simply points to facts. If there is a libel, it is there before the doctrine gets on the ground.

Not hesitating at the most daring and uncalled for cavils, but apparently introducing them merely to give spice to his profane diatribe, he impugns the work of the Creator, recommending that "if God cannot make a soul that is not totally depraved he had better retire from the business." Leaving out of sight, for a moment, the awful blasphemy of which he is here guilty, he reminds one of an ignorant and self-conceited school-boy, freely criticising the work of an artist or a skilled mechanic; how much of the plan, purpose, or ultimate aim is in either case understood? A little more modesty of opinion, and a little less assumption of the attributes of omniscience, would form a refreshing variation in Mr. Ingersoll's pretensions. Sometimes criticism does not have much weight. I was once preaching to an audience of some four or five hundred persons in the city of Washington. At the opening of the service the prayer of invocation was interrupted by a man in the back part of the house, who rose and said to me, "Stop just there; you've left something out." I speedily terminated the prayer and sat down, when I found that the man was being peremptorily ejected from the house. Yet from that day to this I have never troubled myself to think whether I really did leave anything out that ought to have been in, for the simple reason that that man who interrupted me was a lunatic, and every member of that congregation was a lunatic except the attendants, for I was preaching to the inmates of the Government Asylum for the Insane.

Mr. Ingersoll rails furiously at the doctrine of Regeneration, which provides that through the "new birth" alone men shall enter into the kingdom of God. But if in all the upward processes of nature barriers are encountered, separating mind from matter, the organic from the inorganic, so that only through the downward reach of potency, from the higher to the lower forms of life, development can

proceed,—if this be the law in the natural world, why should it be thought a thing incredible if that same law should hold good in the spiritual world?

INSPIRATION.

Mr. Ingersoll spurns the doctrine of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. What are his reasons? He says that the Being who wrote the Bible didn't know the shape of the world he had made. Now this creed says that the Scriptures were written by *men*; why does he speak of "the Being" who wrote them. But if they were written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit, then, Mr. Ingersoll's argument, I presume, would be, Why did not the Holy Spirit guide Darwin, and Huxley, and Herbert Spencer to the side of the sacred penmen when they wrote, in order that their writings might be scientifically accurate? Well, is even the advanced science of the nineteenth century prepared to speak its final and decisive word on the origin and construction of the universe? Huxley doesn't seem to be so prepared. Here is a broadside from him in which he turns his guns for the time on his own camp: "If a General Council of the Church Agnostic were held," he says, "very likely I should be condemned as a heretic. On the whole, the bosh of heterodoxy is more offensive to me than that of orthodoxy, because heterodoxy professes to be guided by reason and science, and orthodoxy does not." Of Herbert Spencer, Lionel S. Beale says: "Herbert Spencer's books contain so much false physiology that in ten years they will not be read except as literary curiosities." Tyndal says, "Those who hold to the doctrine of Evolution are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they only yield to it a provisional assent." These, mark you, are not the criticisms of bigoted theologians. If Mr. Ingersoll's knowledge were not of such a sophomoric type, he would see the advisability of waiting at least until we know a little more ourselves

about the creation of the universe, before we drop the account thereof which, while not purporting to teach science, has for these prolonged centuries been teaching truths concerning creation which no science can overthrow.

POLYGAMY AND SLAVERY.

But here come out the stock objections to Inspiration, on the ground of the toleration of polygamy and slavery in Bible times. These bugbears furnish the infidel with this staple objections and trusted weapons in his crusade against the Sacred Scriptures. I ask you to notice that here Mr. Ingersoll skillfully throws dust in the eyes of his audience, and utilizes the strong anti-slavery and anti-polygamous sentiments in which we have been educated, as a leverage upon which to operate his destructive infidelity. He makes himself merry over the old idea of the starry firmament as a solid concave without distinctions of distance between the heavenly bodies; but he himself squeezes the events of history, remote and near, down to the dead level of contemporaneous thought. He charges the Bible with upholding slavery and polygamy; but it never upholds them. The most it does is to temporarily tolerate them, in order to restrain and restrict, and finally eradicate and eliminate them altogether. Moses, leading the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, has become an inspiration for all time, leading the masses from slavery or oppression to freedom. The progress of the race is necessarily slow. Promiscuous association, polygamy, monogamy; savagery, slavery, liberty—these are the upward steps. In the progress of the Jewish nation, and under the uplifting influence of the Old Testament revelation, polygamy died out, so that it was finally left forever behind them, along with idolatry, on the return from the Babylonish captivity. Strange that any one should be capable of charging the Bible with protecting polygamy and slavery, when both disappear under its influence. Abraham Lincoln said that under the light of

this book human bondage could not live a moment. "If the devil," says Mr. Ingersoll, "had written upon the subject of slavery, which side would he have taken?" That depends somewhat upon circumstances. In the year 1845, at an abolition meeting held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York, Wendell Phillips introduced his lecture, amid a storm of hisses, by offering the following resolution: "Resolved, that the only exodus for the American slaves out of their house of bondage, is over the ruins of the American Church and the American Union." Then and there, I think, the devil was an abolitionist. When in all their helpless ignorance, utterly unprepared for the responsibilities of citizenship, the blacks received the elective franchise, and thus became the debased tools of rascally demagogues and carpet-baggers, then hell set up high carnival over the first pernicious fruits of abolitionism. I know that, as Macaulay says, "the only cure for the evils of a newly-acquired freedom is—freedom;" but short-sighted Hell shouted over the immediate curse, Heaven, looking farther, rejoiced over the ultimate blessing. Well is it for us that the plans of the Infinite God move forward in the ordering of the affairs of this world, without reference to the childish and petulant cavils of an Ingersoll. If he had a longer head and a little wider scope of vision he would spend the rest of his days apologizing for his captious objections against the book that is the sheet-anchor of human liberty and enlightenment.

MISSIONS.

As to the prospects of the prevalence of the kingdom of God in the world Mr. Ingersoll ventures upon the rashest and most unintelligent ridicule. He appears to be unaware that in assailing the work of Christian missions, he is simply butting his head against the most impregnable stronghold of the Christian faith; for here, to-day, its successes are, in all sober language, dazzling in their brilliancy. Never an intelligent Hindoo converted? Why, some in this audience

must have seen and heard Nerayan Sheshadri, with turbaned head, proclaiming on his visit to this country, in pure and distinct English, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Moncure D. Conway recently visited India, and says that he looked in almost hopeless despair upon "that vast rotting jungle of dead religions." I only know that Buddhism has been in existence in that country for 2,500 years, and Mohammedanism for 1,000 years, while Christianity has been at work but 70 years, and there are now over 600 ordained missionaries there, more than 700 native preachers, and about 140,000 communicant members in the different Churches. No converts in China? It is just 42 years since Christianity was admitted to China; now there are 300 Churches with upwards of 20,000 members. How does Mr. Ingersoll evade the force of these facts? By casting out scurrilous insinuations as to the accuracy of the reports. Reduce these figures, then, to the utmost satisfaction of whatever suspicion you may be willing to harbor, and is it conceivable that they embody a monstrous falsehood, perpetrated and maintained under fire of repeated investigations on the part of travelers?

RESURRECTION.

The doctrine of the Resurrection Mr. Ingersoll feels called upon to denounce as an absurdity. In his authorized report of this lecture, he states truthfully that this new Congregational creed asserts only the resurrection of the dead, the statement of a belief in the resurrection of the body occurring in the Apostles' Creed, which is used in admitting members. Why, then, does he go round the country saying: "The next thing that I find in this Congregational creed is, that they believe in the literal resurrection of the body?" What excuse is there for misrepresentation, when his own authorized publication shows that he knew the facts in the case. But he entertains his audience with a discussion of the absurdity of supposing that divine

power is equal to the task of separating the different particles, for example, of the bodies of a missionary and a cannibal by whom he has been devoured. Now, remember that this Congregational creed does not call for, or at least require, a belief in the resurrection of the material body, teaching simply the resurrection of the dead; which fact Mr. Ingersoll admits in print, but conceals in speech. But even as to this belief in the literal resurrection of the human body, if a scientist can puzzle and confound a savage, or even an ignorant boor, by passing a magnet through a pile of sawdust, and drawing forth the iron filings concealed therein, shall we gainsay the assertion that the Infinite God is able to recover the scattered particles of every human body, whether from the dust of the earth, or the depths of the sea, or the vapors and gases of the consuming fire?

He ridicules the observance of the Sabbath by asking whether there can be anything more absurd than that a space of time can be holy? Why, I should say that there is nothing more reasonable than that such a space is made holy by using it for holy ends. No one supposes that the sacredness of the day of rest attaches to the particular division of time itself, with which Mr. Ingersoll juggles. Why not emphasize the value of the principle of resting one day in seven? Why not point out the inestimable blessing this has been to mankind?

SOME NIBBLINGS.

No one can deny that Mr. Ingersoll is capable of going to the very farthest lengths of unblushing and audacious blasphemy: whatever credit that concession implies, he is fairly entitled to. In his view there is no such thing as holy ground. Listen to that beautiful tribute by the Roman Catholic divine, Faber, to the worth of the Bible in the hands of the Protestant Englishman: "It lives on in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of

church bells, which the convert hardly knows how long he can forego. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed, and controversy never soiled." Yet up and down through this sacred volume Mr. Ingersoll relentlessly gallops, little recking how much of hallowed impression he ruthlessly wounds. We have been familiar for some time with his virulent assaults upon the book, but in this present lecture his temerity finds limits which have not before been reached. He wantonly assails the flawless character of Christ—Christ, to whom Richter paid that notable tribute: "He who was the Holiest among the mighty, and the Mightiest among the holy, has, with his pierced hand, lifted heathenism off its hinges, and turned the dolorous and accursed centuries into new channels, and now governs the ages." Yet our indignation at his reckless profanity speedily passes into inward satisfaction at his self-defeating rashness. The character of Christ forms the Gibraltar of Christian evidence; let those take it who can. Here the profoundest thinkers of the world gather in study, contemplation, and, with sparse exceptions, reverent adoration. Yet "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Robert Hall was once asked what he thought of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." "Think of it," he replied, "it's a mouse nibbling at the wing of an archangel." As I look over Mr. Ingersoll's objections to Christ, I can think of no better word with which to characterize these little cavils than that word "nibbling." It is amazing that even he would be willing to submit to even the umpirage of a popular audience, such flimsy strictures on this problem of all problems. David Strauss was a man of unquestioned ability; he thought it necessary to carry on his investigations of this subject through a period of thirty-eight years. In 1835

he explained the life of Christ on the ground of pantheism; in 1864 on that of naturalistic theism; in 1873 he is stranded in the wreck of a materialistic atheism. I have always thought that if unbelief were only given rope enough, it would in every case conduct its own execution, as in this case. But I cite this to show that the discussion of the problem of the character of Christ calls for deep and sound thought, not trifling caricature. For this reason I do not feel obliged to do more than refer to one or two of the objections which Mr. Ingersoll here makes: "If Christ be the Son of God," he says, "let that truth be written across the face of the heavens, and let it grow on every leaf." It would be the most visionary of all surmises to expect that even then it would be beyond his cavils. Above, it would be of too unearthly brightness; below, of altogether too common a hue. But here we differ on a fundamental point, viz., that the only, or the best things we are to believe, come to us through demonstration to the senses. But does it not seem a little hard that a man should be damned for rejecting this dogma, when he cannot possibly give it his intellectual assent? No, because a man is never damned for this cause. But should not God put in black and white, and beyond the possibility of cavil, the things we are expected to believe? Not any more than that the teacher should demonstrate everything for the pupil, sparing the latter all toil and thought and study.

Mr. Ingersoll rejects the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ because he does not think the direct historical evidence sufficient. Supposing, then, that he weighs (which it does not seem to occur to him to do) the evidence arising from the character of Christ itself, as making his human origin improbable, and his miraculous origin highly probable.

He denies that Christ rose from the dead because he failed to exhibit himself to Pilate and Herod and public men. This objection is as old as Spinoza, at least. If he had so exhibited himself, would they not have charged him with having feigned death? Would not

Ingersoll have chimed in and said: "Yes, this very public display looks suspicious." His demand amounts to this, that it was incumbent upon Christ not only to furnish the thing to be believed, but to constrain men to believe it. And it also suggests the superior wisdom of offering the precious truth then revealed to the custody of railers and scoffers, to depositing it in the keeping of men who, when compelled by evidence, against their prior beliefs and expectations, to accept it, would stand by it till death.

THE ASCENSION.

Mr. Ingersoll's objection to the Ascension is that if Christ went at night he would go in one direction, if in the day-time he would travel in a different direction, on account of the revolution of the earth, of which there was then no suspicion. Smart school-boy difficulty! Never raise your hand in a court of justice to swear, because Mr. Ingersoll may possibly be about, to suggest that you are pointing in a different direction from that which you would if it were night. Don't say the sun will rise to-morrow, for fear that smart Mr. Ingersoll may correct you by saying that it is you that rise with the earth in its revolution where you can see the sun. Never point your children to the stars, as you tell them of the peaceful home on high, where men cease their cavils, for again you may subject yourself to ridicule. The Ascension of Christ to me is the completion of the process of the Resurrection, which had been in progress during the forty days since he burst the bands of the sepulchre, which process was illustrative and confirmatory of the fact of our resurrection. At the Ascension, the physical body finally passed into the glorified body, and this into that eternity which is not conditioned by space. Before the splendors of Olivet, these "nibblings" are seen to be insignificant puerilities. As to the incomplete records of this occurrence, and the omission to mention it on the part of one of the evangelists, it must be borne in mind, as

has over and over been said, in such cases, that omissions are not contradictions. Father Lambert, in this connection, gives Ingersoll some pertinent advice about confounding the last words of Christ recorded by the Evangelists, with those which purported to be the last words he spoke. Ingersoll, however, confessed to an *Era* reporter that he had not read Father Lambert's work, except to glance over the first pages.

MIRACLES.

Mr. Ingersoll, of course, rejects miracles. We are coming to regard the subject of miracles more strictly in reference to their historical occurrence; and we are coming to see that for this age, Christianity confirms miracles, rather than that miracles prove Christianity. Remember that the Hebrew mind had been habituated to this evidence of the Divine presence in all its past history. The Pharisees acknowledged the miracles of Christ, but attributed them to the agency of Beelzebub. They held it to be their duty to adhere to the law of Moses, and Christ taught that this allegiance should be transferred to himself; those who accepted this teaching became Christians, those who rejected it held that Christ was guilty of blasphemy, and on this charge, but mainly because he disappointed the glowing temporal expectations that centered in the anticipation of the Messiah, he was crucified. No one who has any proper historic insight will feel any force in Mr. Ingersoll's opinion that men would never have crucified one who had really raised the dead, since the way we would act in such a case is no criterion of the course that would be naturally pursued at that time, and by that people.

"Did it ever occur to you," Mr. Ingersoll asks, "that if God wrote the Old Testament [but this creed says it was written by men] and told the Jews to crucify or kill anybody that disagreed with them on religion [but God never told the Jews to do any

such thing, nor stipulated any such reason as sufficient or proper] and that this God afterwards took upon himself flesh and came to Jerusalem and taught a different religion [different, though, only as the unfolding germ differs from the blossom full-blown] and the Jews killed him—did it ever occur to you that he reaped exactly what he had sown?" Well, no; but it has occurred to numberless observers that the Jewish nation—not referring now to individuals thereof—scattered and peeled and driven to the ends of the earth, a perpetuated nationality, but without a government or a country, have reaped what they have sown, for their disobedience to God and unfaithfulness to the ancient Covenant. And it occurs to me that when any man sows the seeds of slander, especially the slander of the good God above us, he will inevitably reap, one day, an unwellcome harvest of remorse and shame.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT.

We now come to the consideration of that which constitutes Mr. Ingersoll's principal gravamen against the Christian religion, viz., the doctrine of everlasting punishment. He has concluded never to deliver a lecture without attacking this doctrine, and rather than have it true he would have savagery or chaos displace civilization. Manifestly, whatever is believed here, is accepted from conviction and not from desire, and must, therefore, be fortified with some arguments or considerations of probability, which deserve to be fairly weighed; and, therefore, at this point I must beseech Mr. Ingersoll to keep cool and not froth at the mouth in his ferocious displeasure, simply in order that we may look at the subject in a dispassionate manner. Fiercely attacking and scornfully rejecting the Old Testament, yet he declares that he prefers it to the New, because, as he expresses it, "In the Old Testament when God had a man

dead, he let him alone; but in the New Testament the trouble commences at death." That is tersely put; let us sift out the truth it contains.

THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The Old Testament does not furnish an explicit revelation of a future life. By abundant revelations the old Hebrews knew God in this life as a long-suffering and merciful God, and tender, pitying and loving Heavenly Father. What gave gloom to death and the grave, was this very fear that God would let them alone at death, and in the unknown world of shadows they might not be able to find their great Protector and Friend. But notice particularly, here, that all through the Old Testament, the fact of a future life is taken for granted, assumed to be true. For this reason those who died are spoken of as being "gathered to their fathers," and, as Christ showed, when they spoke of the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, although these patriarchs were long since dead, this implied their continued existence, since God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. To say that the Old Testament contains not a single burial service, is nonsensical. Neither does the New Testament contain a formal burial service; but both are equally rich in materials for this purpose. Between the Old Testament and the New, the Græco-Roman civilizations were developed. They impressed upon the human mind grossly material conceptions of the future world, with its division into Heaven and Hell. And from the Oriental civilizations came the belief of the Jews in the time of Christ in a resurrection, which was also grossly sensual.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

It was the mission of Christ to embody religion in the Perfect Life, to transfer the hope of immortality from dreary uncertainty to immovable conviction, and to reveal in his own Person "the

Resurrection and the Life." Mr. Ingersoll asks: "If Christ was in fact God, why did he not plainly say there is another life?" Shameful question. "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you." Could language be plainer than that? The Gospel of Christ was couched in the modes of expression of contemporaneous thought, yet it eliminated the grossness of old-world conceptions, and purified and exalted the notions of mankind concerning eternity. Never, since Christ, has the attempt prevailed to remand the hope of immortality to the uncertainties and shadows of human speculation, or to rob the future world of its grand inspirations and restraints. The revelation which Christ brought, has all along been soiled with either the mischievous tinting or the ghastly coloring of lingering paganism, but its sublime portraiture of eternity, has, in spite of all this, commanded reverent and thoughtful acceptance.

WHERE DOES THE TROUBLE COMMENCE?

Mr. Ingersoll says the New Testament makes the trouble commence at death; just the reverse of this is the truth. The trouble never commences at death. If sin has not troubled before death, eternity can not trouble after death; and if, in any case, trouble comes after death, it will be always because the trouble commenced and inveterately kept on in life. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." This is the law of penalty. And if a single act, bounded by a brief but fatal moment, may blast a life, who knows but that a life, bounded by the fleeting years allotted to it may blast its inheritance in the great eternity beyond.

DAMNATION.

Ingersoll says that God is going to damn everybody. Notice how he loves to mouth this word "damnation." He rolls it under his tongue as a choice morsel for the utterance of his profane

infidelity. The Revised Version drops the word altogether, substituting "judgment," "condemnation," "destruction," that seals the fate of the Revised Version as far as Ingersoll is concerned—he'll never adopt it. Now, as to this assertion that Christian doctrine damns the majority of mankind, in the name of orthodoxy, I stamp it as false. According to the belief of the Evangelical Churches, the saved will constitute the immense majority of the human race; those who are finally lost will be an inconsiderable number. And Christian doctrine is such that unless it is overstrained in one direction, it can not possibly teach anything else. Dr. Guthrie once said: "My belief is that in the end there will be a vastly larger number saved than we have any conception of. What sort of earthly government would that be where more than half the subjects were in prison? I can not believe that the government of God will be like that." Ingersoll, however, steals his thunder, raves about the "everlasting penitentiary," and denounces orthodoxy for a hideous belief which she herself denounces as unscriptural and untrue.

Here let me say that Christian doctrine never puts a single individual in hell; from this statement I defy dislodgement. Never does Christian doctrine single out an individual, or authorize such singling out, and say he is in hell. Why, even of Judas, the most universally execrated wretch known to Christendom, the disciples simply said that he went to his own place. The consequences of sin are clearly laid down; these are to be plainly and faithfully stated; but no one is authorized to mete out doom in the case of any individual, and thus usurp the place of the Judge of all the earth, who will assuredly do right.

Nor, again, does any one hold or dream of holding the doctrine of hell as "glad tidings of great joy." Calvin held it as "a horrible decree, yet true." I have heard of ministers preaching this doctrine with tears in their eyes, never flinching from what they under-

stood to be the truth on this subject, yet as tender as a father admonishing his child. Has infidelity anything that requires this sort of preaching?

Mr. Ingersoll says the Church must not abandon its belief in a devil; no fear of that. So long as he is roaming the country over sowing the seeds of doubt, and, as some one expresses it, preaching the good God out of the world,—the evidence in favor of the continued existence, and sleepless diligence of the arch-enemy of mankind, remains quite conclusive. Ingersoll is a perfect adept in plastering hell over with pretty verbiage so as to hide its ugliness. He finds genuine sympathy there because Dives begged that Lazarus might be sent to his five brethren. Is remorse repentance? Or is the tale of suffering friends told by a lazy, lying, whimpering beggar to be taken for real sympathy?

HUMAN LOVE.

He thinks, too, that this doctrine destroys human love. "Love," he says, "paints every picture and chisels every statue. It is like a lily with a heart of fire." But if we could get him to dismount from his Pegasus he would have to admit that love, instead of standing around painting pictures and chiseling statues, gets up in the morning and chops the wood and kindles the fire, and does not eternally brag of it, either. Why, if this gush about love were introduced on its own account, I should be led to suspect that Mr. Ingersoll was a thoroughly disagreeable man in his own home, for that is just the sort of man who would be likely to prate about domestic bliss when traveling among strangers. But you see he artfully works in all this clap-trap in order to throw dust in the eyes of his audience, while he sucks out the very marrow of Christianity, that, by transfusion of it, he may flesh up the bodiless ghost of his decrepit infidelity. He is constantly talking of men who loved their wives and women who loved their husbands going into the eternal separation of

hell. But the Bible peoples hell with "dogs and sorcerers and whore-mongers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." "What consolation has the orthodox minister for the widow of an unbeliever, a good, brave, kind man?" He has the consolation of not being obliged to say, "we do not know whether death is a wall or a door, the beginning or end of a day." And he has the blessed consolation to offer that since God "is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance," none can finally be lost except those who will not be saved. But is not the supposition to be entertained of the possibility of a wife securing salvation, and a husband failing to secure it, and consequently eternal separation sundering forever their sincere human love? That is undoubtedly a legitimate hypothesis, and those who wish to vex themselves worrying over it can do so. I only know this, that, when I have sat in a court of justice, and heard conflicting testimony given and opposing arguments urged, I have wondered how the judge would possibly be able to consider and weigh and sift all this confused matter and reach a just and satisfactory decision. And I have been surprised and delighted to see the marvelous skill with which this was accomplished. The analogy is poor and imperfect, but I am satisfied that even in the cases of largest conceivable difficulty, the scales of Divine justice will be so accurately balanced that we shall all see for ourselves that his judgments are righteous altogether. What an atrocious charge Mr. Ingersoll makes, not shrinking in the slightest degree from the most defiant blasphemy, when he says that God demands that we shall forgive our enemies, while he proposes to damn his. Lightly comparing the tardy and reluctant forgiveness that we accord with the free and boundless mercy of God, unconditionally offered, and the deliberate and scornful rejection of which alone can result in final condemnation! But "God can not afford to damn a man in the next world who has made a happy home in this." That depends; gamblers often have happy homes; happy homes are

sometimes planted upon the wrecked fortunes of rivals supplanted by perfidy; sometimes they are supported by money that is meanly filched from the slender earnings of the poor. But supposing the happiness is pure and true, unstained and ideally good. Then, I presume, there is no need of apprehension in view of eternity.

SALVATION BY FAITH.

Well, is it not necessary to believe? Most certainly. What do you mean by believing in Christ? The catechism answer makes it to consist in a true sense of sin, an apprehension of Divine mercy, grief and hatred of sin, and turning from it with the purpose to sin no more. Is not a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, or some particular form of the doctrine of the Atonement, or an intellectual conviction of the everlasting nature of the torments of hell, necessary to salvation? No. What, then, about Mr. Ingersoll's charge that Christianity makes salvation dependent upon intellectual belief? It is an inexcusable misrepresentation of the orthodoxy of to-day. But does not the Bible say: "He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned?" Yes, but this is not the utterance of a threat, but the statement of a law; and it lays down the principle, broad, deep and true, that in the atmosphere of faith the soul grows; under the chilling fog of doubt it suffers paralysis and death.

Do not be deceived by Mr. Ingersoll's bluster; he is likely to mislead you by his silly preferences. He prefers "a good, cool grave" and "eternal sleep." But what will his preferences amount to in the assizes of eternity? He boasts about how indignantly he would demur if it were provided that he should consort with an angel. He is like the school-boy who pompously announces his intention to resist a threatened punishment, but quickly knuckles under when it comes. So would it be with Robert. If the angels who kept not their first estate were punished, it is conceivable that

angels may be subject to punishment in the future; and it might even be that for some heinous offense an angel might be condemned to associate for a time with a blasphemous infidel. If that should happen, depend upon it, the promised resistance on the part of the infidel would not be forthcoming. He would be just as submissive as any common miscreant in the hands of a muscular policeman.

ETERNAL VS. EVERLASTING.

I regret very much that Mr. Ingersoll is so densely ignorant; but for this I might tell him some things that would be for his advantage, as, for instance, this, that when he rails against everlasting punishment, he hits the mark he is aiming at; but when he denounces eternal punishment, which he does the more frequently, he misses that mark. Scholars are distinguishing now between eternal punishment, that which is peculiar to eternity, and everlasting punishment, which in the full force of the Anglo-Saxon, where it originates, means punishment that is endless. And I may also say that evangelical thought is gravitating toward the acceptance of the former in distinction from the latter. Endlessness is, in fact, out of place in the concept of eternity, since distinctions of time are there obliterated. And virtually, all that is commonly meant when we speak of the endlessness of future punishment, is that the opportunity for salvation is confined to this life. And even here, Mr. Ingersoll fails to notice (which would be too much to expect of him) that this new Congregational creed asserts its belief in everlasting punishment only as one of the issues of a final judgment, saying nothing about the redemptive work that may be carried on between death and the judgment, in which many who accept this creed believe.

THE HELL OF PAGANISM.

Now, as to this whole vivid, but brutal portraiture of hell, which Mr. Ingersoll succeeds in placing so graphically before his audiences,

I repudiate it utterly-as foreign to Christianity and the Bible. It could no more be expected that a Christian apologist would accept this delineation of hell, than that Mr. Blaine would accept the "tattooed man" of the caricaturists as his own photograph. And even if it should be admitted that Ingersoll's strictures upon the doctrine of hell are in some degree warranted, in view of certain vulnerable forms in which the Christian faith has been held in the past, let it be remembered that by the very terms of this lecture we are asked to consider, not an obsolete orthodoxy, but the orthodoxy of to-day. Where, then, do the materials for this picture come from? Do they originate in the brain of Mr. Ingersoll? Not at all; even this is too much to expect from such a source. I will tell you where they come from; they come out of the benighted brain and the depraved heart of paganism. When Eneas applied to the Sibyl to guide him to the nether world that he might consult his deceased father, Anchises, you remember her answer: "The descent of Avernus is easy; the gate of Pluto stands open day and night; but to retrace one's steps and return to the upper air—that is the toil, that the difficulty." Nevertheless, she accompanied him on his errand. The entrance to the Infernal Regions was in the volcanic country about Vesuvius, emitting its sulphurous flames and mephitic vapors. About its mouth swarmed griefs, cares, diseases, the hundred-armed Briareus, hissing Hydras and fire-breathing Chimæras. Down below Charon ferried the spirits over the Cocytus, refusing those who had not received due burial rites. Beyond, in the regions of sadness, young infants and suicides wailed out their woe. Then the paths diverged, the one leading to Elysium, the other, guarded by Furies flourishing their whips of scorpions, leading to Tartarus, the abode of the damned. There Eneas saw just what Mr. Ingersoll describes in the tale of Orpheus, with which he closes his lecture: Tityus, the giant, with the vulture preying upon his ever-growing liver; Ixion, fastened to his ceaselessly revolving wheel; Sisyphus, rolling up the hill the huge stone which ever rolled back; Tantalus,

vainly striving to assuage his thirst, and the daughters of Danaus, condemned to the futile work of dipping water with a sieve. (Here notice Mr. Ingersoll's egregious blunder in speaking of the daughters of the Danaides. The veriest smatterer in Latin sees at once that the word "Danaides" is a patronymic, and means the daughters of Danaus.) But what is all this but everlasting punishment, and of that very coarse and gross description that Mr. Ingersoll revels in, and vainly tries to fasten upon the Christian faith?

INGERSOLL'S DECREES.

Into this pagan hell he puts a long list of individuals, whom he mentions by name. Notice a few of these names: First, there is Benjamin Franklin; what did he do? He introduced the motion in the convention that framed the Constitution, that daily prayers be offered, eloquently supporting his proposition by a speech, in which he expressed his unwavering faith in a prayer-hearing God, whose providence guided the affairs of men and nations. What else did he do? He wrote a letter to an infidel, supposed to be Thomas Paine, urging the suppression of one of his forthcoming works. In that letter he said, referring to the debt this infidel owed to religion on account of his early training: "Among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother. I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person." If Mr. Ingersoll followed the sound advice of Benjamin Franklin he would never deliver another of his infidel lectures. And it nettles him to think of this; so he lays his ruthless hands upon grand old Benjamin Franklin and hurls him down into the black caverns of his pagan hell. David Hume he puts there; why? David Hume repudiated infidelity. He wrote to Dr. Blair: "I

could wish your friend had not denominated me an infidel writer." Amidst the shock of his mother's death, in reply to the charge that he had relinquished all Christian hope, he said: "Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine." Thomas Jefferson gave this testimony: "I have always said, and always will say, that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers and better husbands." At the age of eighty-two, Jefferson wrote to his namesake, as follows: "Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered, be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss." But Ingersoll places both David Hume and Thomas Jefferson in hell. Conceding the most, they were Deists, and accepted the Deist's Bible, which teaches that there is a supreme God, that he is to be worshipped, that the principal part of his worship is virtue, that men ought to repent of sin, and that there are rewards and punishments here and hereafter. Thomas Paine, notwithstanding all his scurrilous infidel clatter, accepted these beliefs, and they are entirely too much to suit Ingersoll, who reduces everything to a "don't know;" so down he plunges Hume and Jefferson and Paine into the sulphurous pit of his pagan perdition. Of course, we would expect to find Voltaire in this category. Toward the last, dark despondency settled down upon Voltaire. He says, in one place: "Strike out a few sages, and the crowd of human beings is nothing but a horrible assemblage of unfortunate criminals, and the globe contains nothing but corpses. I wish I had never been born." This lets out altogether too much of the inside gloom and despair of atheism, so Ingersoll hides Voltaire out of sight in the bottomless deeps of Tartarus. There is Diderot; notwithstanding his blatant atheism, he let in some aggravating admissions into the famous *Encyclopædia*,

such as this: "To speak rigorously, Jesus Christ was not a philosopher; he was a God." Diderot also said, on one occasion: "I defy you all, as many as are here, to prepare a tale so simple and so touching, as the tale of the passion and death of Jesus Christ, whose influence will be the same after so many centuries." Auguste Comte was another dogmatic atheist. He established the Religion of Humanity, which shares with Mormonism such honors as the nineteenth century will good naturedly bestow upon the two new religions which it has brought forth. But Comte provided nine sacraments for the proper observance of the worship of Collective Humanity, and religious observances which would consume two hours every day. These things cause Mr. Ingersoll to bite his irreligious lips with vexation; but now Ingersoll is even with both Diderot and Comte; he has condemned them to the murky abysses of Pluto. There, too, he sends Goethe, who said: "It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life." Shakespeare, who drew both the materials and the inspiration for his work from the Bible. Robert Burns, who wrote that immortal tribute to true religion, "The Cottér's Saturday Night." Charles Dickens, who, in his last will and testament, dated May 12, 1869, said: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there." Longfellow, who sang of "The faith that overcometh doubt," and whose poems, from beginning to end, are saturated with Christian belief. Emerson, who, among his latest utterances, said: "I admit that you shall find a good deal of skepticism in the streets and hotels and places of coarse amusement. Where there is depravity, there is a slaughter-house style of thinking. One argument of future life is the recoil of the mind in such company—our pain at every skeptical statement." George Eliot, who, in a lately published

letter, dated November 26, 1862, expresses her deep conviction of the efficacy of all sincere belief, and of the moral aridity which follows the loss of it, and then says: "In fact, I have very little sympathy with the clan of Freethinkers, and I have lost all interest in merely anti-religious polemics." John Stuart Mill, who wrote that remarkable testimony concerning Christ: "Whatever else is taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left—an unique figure. * * * * Religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life." All these Mr. Ingersoll consigns to the ghastly perdition of his much-lauded paganism; and I do not wonder at it. Fairly representing the beliefs and teachings of those whose authority he so misuses, it is not difficult to make out that he himself is either a fool or a knave.

THE SUBSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

Last of all, but most important, what has Mr. Ingersoll to offer as a substitute for the faith which he seeks to destroy. He appears to be eloquent in advocating infidelity. Either success and applause stimulate him to the cultivation of a spurious eloquence, or the aftershine of his early religious training has not lost its lustre. For, as Charles Hare so pungently remarks, "There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver, the mind cannot use its wings—the clearest proof that it is out of its element." He advocates "the religion of good clothes and good wages." Just at present, in the oil country, Ingersoll's religion would have to take a vacation. He offers "good fellowship;" but up in Connecticut, a man who pursued infidelity through its bewilderment, its

darkness and its despair, on returning to the friendly fireside of faith, said to his minister, one day: "I tell you what it is, you may take all the skeptics in this State and squeeze them, and you can not get out of them so much of the real milk of human kindness as there is in any one of your old blue deacons here." Mr. Ingersoll criticises, very severely, what religion is doing in the world; what is infidelity doing? After the Reign of Terror, La Reveillere Lepaux, the First Man of the Directory, concocted a scheme for a new religion, to be called Theophilanthropism, because it was to embrace the love of God and man. He submitted his plan to Talleyrand, and asked his opinion of it. Talleyrand's reply was: "That is all very well; now the only thing is to get it in operation. To establish Christianity Jesus Christ died and rose again; supposing you try something of the same kind." What will Mr. Ingersoll do to establish his religion of humanity and reciprocity, that is so much superior to Christianity? He derives considerable profit from his lectures written and uttered; he may be using his ample means for the benefit of hundreds of infidel hospitals and orphan asylums and other charitable institutions, just as Moody and Sankey did with the immense royalty on their "Gospel Hymns." If so, it is a perfect shame that piratical publishers should issue unauthorized reports of his lectures for their own pecuniary profit. It might be supposed that the fundamental principles of infidel morality would restrain them from such a breach of "reciprocity." Mr. Ingersoll is justified in denouncing them, although it shakes our faith somewhat in the happiness and "reciprocity" that we were led to suppose reigned supreme in the infidel camp. But notice the language of his denunciation, as printed in his "Note to the Public" that appears with his authorized report of this very lecture we are considering. "I wish," he says, "to notify the public that all books and pamphlets purporting to contain my lectures, and not containing the imprint of" (here he names his publisher) "are spurious, grossly inaccurate, filled with mistakes, horribly printed, and outrageously

unjust to me." Now, supposing some one took this authorized report of the lecture on "Orthodoxy," and sparing no pains or expense, produced an accurate, but much handsomer pamphlet typographically, we might admit that that pamphlet was spurious and unjust to Mr. Ingersoll; but, according to his statement, it would be "grossly inaccurate, filled with mistakes, and horribly printed." This is only a passing glance at the workings of his logical mind.

But, now that Mr. Ingersoll has quite a number of lectures on hand, how would it do for him to settle down somewhere and deliver them, or such others as he might be able to produce, once or twice on Sunday, to such a congregation as he could gather and keep together? He might thus found a Church devoted to the promulgation of his "Religion of Humanity." Mr. Frothingham, it is true, gave up that experiment in despair; but there is Felix Adler, bravely at work, and commanding the respect, at least, of all fair-minded people. And one of the definite aims which Mr. Ingersoll might keep before him in this undertaking, would be this, for instance, to build up an infidel, or agnostic (if he should prefer that term) society, the standard of whose morality should be so high, and their lives so blameless that it would be an item of startling intelligence, which the Associated Press would eagerly telegraph the country over, if any of their members should chance to fall into open and flagrant sin; for this much, at least, religion has done for all our churches. Gough's challenge to temperance workers of divergent views is excellent: "Pitch in anywhere; there's splendid fighting all along the line." Let the infidels do the same; only it may be well to remember that, as the world is getting along a little in years, infidelity will have to prove, without a great deal longer delay, that it is the great blessing which its friends claim it to be; otherwise it is liable to be unceremoniously hustled out of the way along with sundry other obstacles to the world's progress.



*There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.*

*Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.*

*Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.*

*The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.*

*There is no unbelief:
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—
God knoweth why!*